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**277 songs, toasts,
sentiments, and
recitation**

London

[18--]

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**Title : 277 songs, toasts, sentiments, and recitation, for Boxing
Day.**

Imprint : London : Pattie, [18--]

Format : [16] p. ; 20 cm.

Note : Cover title.

Note : At head of title: A great fact.

**Note : "Containing Dibdin's Sea Songs, Nigger, American, English,
Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Songs. Authors all the most
popular. The Songs, &c., are not to be surpassed in a 5s.
volume."**

Note : Without music.

Subject : Chapbooks, English.

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A GREAT FACT.

277 SONGS,

Toasts, Sentiments, and Recitation,

FOR

BOXING DAY,

Containing Dibdin's Sea Songs, Nigger, American, English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh Songs. Authors all the most popular. The Songs, &c., are not to be surpassed in a 5s. volume.

A popular Recitation, **Bristle and Lapstone**, a Burlesque on the quarrel scene of Edward & Warwick

The Yankee Christmas Box

Ireland's daughters

Penefret Shones, a favorite Welsh ditty

Parody on the Tired soldier

The sopers are coming

The tight little Island. Recitation

Blow high blow low

A sailor's philosophy

A sailor's love

The token

The Sailor's lesson

Broken gold

The welcome

Jack in his element

Bright gems that twinkle

Ned that died at sea

Lamplighter Dick

While up the shrouds

The standing toast

The soldier's grave. Recitation

Saturday night at sea

Tom Bowling

The soldier's adieu

Yankee Land. Hardwick.

Where's my Highland lassie?

Popular Parody on my pretty Jane.

Oh, lady beware

Spare a halfpenny to a blind Negro

Who cares for you, Mary Ann?

De Niggar toast

Susannah Bell

De fire fly lamp

John Crow's nest

Black Pink

Clar de Track

The Nigger Coast Barber

Cynthia Sue

Negro Matrimony

Come into my canoe

Dearest May

De belle of Baltimore

Rosa Lee

Topsy's song

Carry me back to old Virginny

Ole Bull and ole Dan Tucker

Jim Crack com

Dinah Crow

Jasper Jack

My skiff is on de shore

Stop dat knockin

De fine ole coloured Gentleman

'Tis hard to give the hand

Keep in de wheel track

Uncle Quash's presents.

The Dying Slave

The cot to me may lowly prove

If those within it claim my love

Oh, would I were yon evening star

I'm happy but when thou art near

I cannot forget thee

By Julia's casement warbling bird

Just as it should be

I don't forget the happy hours

See brighter hours in store

Hess

LONDON: PATTIE, 31, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

DEAREST MAY.

Come ~~stet~~ eb'ry nigga,
A story I'll relate,
Dat happen'd in a valeupon
The old Car'line estate.
Twas in a flow'ry meadow,
Where I us'd to make de hay,
I work'd de faster while I sung
Ob you, my dearest May.

Chorus

Oh dearest May, more lubly do
de day,
Your ~~as~~ are bright as stars at night
whende moon has gone away.

Ole massa gabe me holiday,
I would dat dey were more,
Wid gladsome heart I push away
My boat from off de shore,
And paddled down deriber,
Wid spirits light and free,
To de cottage ob my darlin' May,
I burn so much to see.

De branches by de riber bank,
Dey drop into de tide,
De coon he plays de leaves among,
De mink he lurk aside.
And now I see de lubly spot,
Where May she smile so sweet,
Her eyes are bright as stars at night,
Her lips are red as beet.

Beside an ole oak tree,
For many an hour we sat;
Till passed de bee-bird from de flow'r,
And came abroad de bat;
My dearest May at parting,
She wept, and broken—hearted,
I gabe a last long look ob lub
And back to massa started.

DE BELLE OB BALTIMORE

I've been to Alabama, I've been to
Tennessee,
I've sailed de Mississippi, for masses
set me free;
I've kissed de lubly Creole gal on
Louisiana's shore,
But I neber found a ga' to match my
blooming Belle ob Baltimore.

Oh! boys, Belle's a beauty,
Eyes so bright, and cheek so sooty,
No gal I eber saw before;
Could equal de Belle ob Baltimore.

My lub is tall and slender, her voice
is berry clear,
You'd think she was an Howlingale
if once her voice you'd hear;
I went downtown to her cabin, and rapped
upon de door:
I went to give my doggertypes to
my sweet Belle ob Baltimore.

I wrote my luba letter, and scented
it so sweet,
De musk, and clothes, and pepper
mint stuck out about free feet,
But all my trouble was no use, I
neber see'd hermore,
For I squash'd de tender 'flections ob
my sweet Bel' Baltimore.

ROSA LEE.

When I lib' ~~in~~ Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
I went a courtin' Rosa Lee,
U-li-a-li-o-la-e!
Eveas dark as winter night,
Lips as red as berry bright;
When first I did har wooing go,
She said 'Now don't be foolish Joe!

GRORUS.

U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Courting down in Tennessee;
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
'Nearth the wild Banana tree.

I said you lubly, gal, dat's plain,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Bress as sweet as sugar cane,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Feet so large and comely too,
Might make a cradle of each shoe:
Rosa take me for your beau,—
She said, 'Now don't be foolish Joe!

My story yet is to be told,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Rosa catch'b a shocking cold,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
Send de doctor, fetch de nurse—
Doctor came, but make her worse;
I tried to make her laugh, but no.—
She said, 'Now don't be foolish Joe!

Dey gib'her up, no power could save,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
She ax me, follow to her grave,
U-li-a-li, o-la-e!
I take her hand, 'twas cold as death,
So cold, I hardly draw my bress:
She saw my tears in sorrow flow,
And said, 'farewell, my dearest Joe!

TOPSY'S SONG.

Words by C. Jeffreys.

I'm but a little nigga gal,
As black as black can be;
You know I can't lub nobody,
'Cos nobody lub me.
Dey used to whip me long ago
And den I wish to die—
I 'spect I donn'o how to lub,
And dat's de reason why.

Now what's de use ob sich as me
Ob tryiug to be good?
If you could wash de black-a-moor
Quite white, may be I would.
Miss Feely preachee talk all day,
She says me tell big lie—
No good for me to speak de truth,
And dat's de reason why.

She can't abear de nigga gal—
Miss Feely mak' me laugh—
I touch her hand, she brush away,
As if de black come off.
I is so wicked—dat's de thing!
I 'spect be worse by'n be!
She says I is, and so I am,
And dat's de reason why.

But you Miss Evy, you so good,
I mind de words you say—
You're not afraid to touch my hand,
You pebber turn away:

You talk to me, you gib ~~me~~ talk,
Till tears come in your eye;
You lub me, and I lub you too,
And dat's de reason why.

CARRY ME BACK TO OLE VIRGINNY

I work on board a floating scow
Right thro' de weary day
A rakin' in the oyster beds,
Till the light fades away;
And I am growin'aint and old,
I cannot tol' much more,
Oh carry me back before I die,
To ole Virginny shore.

CHORUS

Oh carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore!
Oh! carry me back to ole Virginny
To ole Virginny shore.

If I were young and strong again,
I'd lead a different life,
I'd sabe my money, buy a farm,
And dinah take for wife.
But now ole age he holds me fast,
And I am weak and sore;
Oh! carry me back to ole Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

And when I'm laid beneath de green
In snug and silent rest,
Let possuh and coon to my funeral
go;

For I always liked dem best;
Den sleeping on in calm repose,
I'll dream for evermore,
Dat dey've carried me back to ole
Virginny,
To ole Virginny shore.

OLE BULL AND OLE DAN TUCKER

White folks, I will sing to you
A good ole song, it is quite New,
About Ole Bull and Ole Dan Tucker
Who play'd a match for an oyster
supper.

Hand de banjo down to play,
Who beat ole Bull from de Norway,
Who tuck de shine from Paganini—
We am de boys from Ole Virginny.

Ole Bull came to town to play—
Five hundred dollars for a day;
Le women ran, and I ran too,
To hear him fidule up something
new Hand de banjo, &c.

Dey play'd togeder at Chatham-
street,
Each oder's time dey tried to beat;
Some went for Dan, and some for
Bull—

De house was crowded ram jam full
Hand de banjo, &c.

When first his fiddle gan to speak,
De people dey all went to sleep;
He gave his bow a mighty hawl,
Hemade demall woke up'n squall,
Hande banjo, &c.

If you want to hear good play,
Just call for Dan from Ole Virginny
Who beat Ole Bull from de Norway,
Who took de shine from Paganini.

THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Daddy Neptune one day unto Nea-
don did say,
If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be
little Britain;
Says Freedom, why that's my own
Island.
Oh! what a snug little Island;
A right little, tight little Island,
All the gloom around!
None can be found,
So happy as this little Island.

Julius Caesar, the Roman who yield-
ed to no man,
Came by water, he could not come
by land.
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their
homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island,
Oh! what a snug little Island,
They'd all have a touch at the
Island.
Some were shot dead,
Some of them fled,
And some stayed to live in the
Island.

Then a very great War man, call'd
Billy the Norman,
Cried, hang it, I never liked my
land,
It would be much more handy to
leave this Normandy,
And live on you beautiful Island,
Say he, 'tis a snug little Island,
Sha'n't us go visit the Island;
Hap, skip, and jump,
There he was plump,
And kick'd up a dust in the Is-
land.

Yet party deceit help'd the Nor-
mans to beat,
Of traitors they manag'd to buy
land,
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we had
never been tick'd.
Had they stuck to the King of the
Island.
He lost both his life and his Is-
land,
Poor Harold the King of the Is-
land!
That's very true,
What could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his
Island.

Then the Spanish Armada set out to
invade her,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh
land,
They could not do less than tuck up
Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the
Island.
The French came to plunder the
Island,
Oh! the poor Queen of the Is-
land;
But strong in her biva,
The Queen was alive,
And bivus was the word at the
Island.

These proud puff'd up cakes thought
to make Drakes and Drakes,
Of our wealth, but they scarcely
could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the tact to make
their pride dust,
And stoop to the side of the Is-
land.

The good Wooden Walls of the
Island,
Huzzah! for the lads of the Is-
land,
Devil or don,
Let 'em come on,
But how'd they come off at the
Island.

I don't wonder much that the Russ
and the Dotek
Have since been oft tempted to
try land,
And I wonder much less they have
met no success,
For why should we give up our
Island?
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
All of 'em long for the Island.
Hold a bit there,
(Let 'em) take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the
Island.

Then since Freedom and Neptune
have hitherto kept tame
In each saying 'This shall be my
land,'
Should the Army of England, or all
they could bring land,
We'd show them some play for
Island.
We'd fight for our right to the
Island,
We'd give them enough of the
Invaders should just
Bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low,
Let tempests tear the main-mast by
the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee my
dear,
And love, well stor'd,
Shall brave all dangers born all fear,
The reaving winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore to be once more,
Safe 'scor'd with thee.

Aloft while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along
And the surges roar from below,
Shall my signal be,
To think on thee.

And this shall be my song,
And on that night when all the crew
The memory of their former lives,
Her flowing cans of flip wine,
And drink their sweethearts and
Their wives.

I'll leave a sigh and think on thee,
And as the ship rolls through the
sea,
The burden of my song shall be
Blow high, blow low, &c.

A SAILOR'S PHILOSOPHY.

What argues pride and ambition?
Soon or late death will take us in tow,
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come, we must
go,

Then drink and sing, hang pain and
sorrow.

The halter was made for the neck,
He that's now 'live' and 'try' to
morrow,

Perhaps may be stretch'd on the
There was little Tom Linstock of

Dover,
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain;
Polly cried, but her grief was soon
over,

And then she got married again.

Then drink, &c.

Jack Jumk was ill-us'd by Bet-Croo-
ker,

And so took to guzzling the stuff
Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker
And there he got liquor enough,

Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money, then, to th
proctor,
Take of joy, while 'tis going ou
For what argues calling the doctor
When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, &c.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

A Sailor's love is void of art,
Plain sailing to his port, the heart
He knows no jealous folly;
'Tis hard enough at sea to war,
With boist'rous elements that jar,
All's peace with lovely Polly.

Enough that far from sight of shore,
Clouds frown, and angry billows
roll,

Still he is brisk and jolly;
And while carousing with his mates,
Her health he drinks, anticipates
The smiles of lovely Polly.

Should thunder on the horizon press
Mocking our signals of distress,
E'en thep dul' melancholy
Dares not intrude, he braves the
din,
In hopes to find a calm within
The snowy arms of Polly.

THE TOKEN.

The breeze was fresh, the ship in
stays,
Each breaker hushed the shore a
When Jack no more on duty call'd,
His true-love's tokens over-hail'd,
The broken gold, the braided hair,
The tender mocco wif so fair,
Upon his 'bacco box he views,
Nancy the post; Love the mico,
If you loves I as I loves you,
No pair as happy as we two.

The storm - that like a shapless
week,
Had strew'd with flying all the

Favorite Songs by Charles Dibdin.

That tars or sharks had giv'n a
feast,
[ceas'd,
And left the ship a hulk—had
When Jack as with his messmates
dear,
[cheer,
He shar'd the grog their hearts to
Took from his 'bacco-box a quid,
And spelt, for comfort, on the lid,
If you loves I, &c.

The battle, that with horror grim,
Had madly ravag'd life and limb,
Had scuppers drench'd with human
gore.
And widow'd many a wife, was o'er,
When Jack to his companions dear,
First paid the tribute of a tear,
Then as his 'bacco-box he held,
Restor'd his comfort, as he spell'd,
If you loves I, &c.

The voyage, that had been long and
hard,
But that had yielded full reward,
That brought each sailor to his
friend,
Happy and rich—waz at an end,
When Jack, his toils and perils o'er,
Beheld his Nancy on the shore;
He then the 'bacco-box display'd,
And cried—and seiz'd the willing
maid.—
If you loves I, &c:

THE SAILOR'S LESSON.

Since, Jack, thou'rt seaman's son,
And born for the good of the nation
Tis pretty near time I begun
To learn thee a tar's education.
For when out of port,
Thou'l be Fortune's sport,
And taste of sorrow's cup,
Yet in thy pow'r,
Hope's best b'ow'r,
When Death shall bring thee up.

Love honour as thy life,
Ne'er do a paity thing;
Protect thy friend and wife,
Spare foes, and serve thy King.
This lesson larn,
Without consarn
Thou'l taste of pleasure's cup,
E'en to the dreggs,
On thy last legs,
When Death shall bring thee up.
And when thou'rt left the sea,
And time has long broke bulk,
Grown old and crank like me,
And laid up, a sheer hulk,
Teach thy young son
This course to run,
To drink of comfort's cup;
Thy eyes thou'l close
In sweet repose,
When Death shall bring thee up.

BRIGHT GEMS THAT TWINKLE.

Bright gems that twinkle from afar,
Planets, and every lesser star,
That darting each a downward' ray,
Console us for the loss of day.

Begone I e'en Venus, who so bright
Reflects her visions pure and white,
Quick disappear, and quit the skies,
For lo! the moon begins to rise.

Ye pretty warblers of the grove,
Who chant such artless tales of love
The thrush gurgling in his throat,
The linnet with his silver note.

The soaring lark the whistling thrush
The mellow blackbird, goldfinch,
hush!
Fly, vanish, disappear, take wing,
The nightingale begins to sing.

THE WELCOME.

What if the sailor boldly goes,
To distant climates bound—
Braves winds from every point that
blows

The varying compass round.

No longer when compelled to roam,
To make him rich amends,
As the needle true he finds his love,
His country and his friends.

Thus, every danger life endures,
May to o'erwhelm him come,
Trouble at sea only insures
Pleasure that waits at home.

He braves the storm, that calm to
prove

Propitious Fortune sends;
As the needle true to find his love,
His country and his friends.

BROKEN GOLD.

Two real lovers with one heart,
One mind, one sentiment one soul,
In hapless hour were doom'd to part
At tyrant duty's harsh control,
They broke in two a golden coin,
In token that their love should hold
And swore, when Fate their hands
should join,

To join again the broken gold.

A treach'rous friend who could not
brook

That joy which real love imparts,
In evil hour advantage took

To sow dissension in their hearts,
Engines employ'd, kept spies by day,
Conjectures raised, and falsehoods
told,

To prove that each had giv'n away
To rivals base, the broken gold.

At last, when years claps'd, they met
Hush'd ev'ry fear, dead all alarms
Banish'd each sorrow and regret.

They rush'd into each other's arms
While to the fond embrace they flew
Which love sat smiling to behold,
In token that their hearts were true.

They fondly join'd the broken gold

NED THAT DIED AT SEA.

Give ear to me both high and low,

And while you mourn hard Fate's
decrees,

Lament a tale right full of woe,
Of comely Ned that died at sea.

His father was a commodore,
His king and country serv'd had he
But now his tears in torrents pour,
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sister Peg her brother lov'd,
For a right tender heart had she,
And often to strong grief was mord'd
For comely Ned that died at sea.

His sweetheart, Grace, once blithe
and gay,
That led the dance upon the lea,
Now wastes in tears the lingering
day,

For comely Ned that died at sea.

His friends, who lov'd his manly
worth,
For none more friends could boast
To mourn now lay aside their mirth

For comely Ned that died at sea.

Come then and join with friendly
tear,

The song that midst of all our glee
We from our hearts chant once a
year,

For comely Ned that died at sea.

JACK IN HIS ELEMENT.

Bold Jack the sailor here I come,
Pray how d'ye like my nibs,
My trousers wide my trampers rum,
My nab and flowing gib.

I sails the seas from end to end,
And leads a joyous life,
In every mess I finds a friend,
In every port a wife.

I've heard them talk of constancy,
Of grief and such like fun—
I've constant been, to ten, o'ried I
But never griev'd for one.

The flowing sails we tars unbend,
To lead a jovial life,
In every mess to find a friend,
In ev'ry port a wife.

I've a spanking wife at Portsmouth
gates,
A pigmy at Goree,
An orange-tawny up the freights,

A black at St. Lucie,
Thus, whatso'never course I bend,
I leads a jovial life;
In ev'ry mess I finds a friend.

In ev'ry port a wife.

Will Gaft by death was taken aback,
I came to bring the news,
Poll whinper'd sore—but what did
Jack?

Why, stood in William's shoes,
She cut, I chas'd, but in the end,
She lov'd me as her life,
And so she got a honest friend,

And I a loving wife.

Thus be we sailors all the go,
On Fortune's sea we rub,
We works, and loves, and fights the
sea,

And drinks the gen'rous bub,
Storms that the mast to splinters rend
Can't shake our jovial life,

In ev'ry mess we find a friend,
In every port a wife.

LAMPLIGHTER DICK.

I'm Jolly Dick the lamplighter,
They say the sun's my dad;
And truly I believe it, sir,
For I'm a pretty lad.
Father and I world do light,
And make it look so gay;
The difference is, I lights by night,
And father lights by day.

But father's not the likes of I,
For knowing life and fun;
For I queer tricks and fancies spy,
Folks never show the sun.
Bogues, owls, and bats, can't bear
the light.

I've heard your wise ones say,
And so, d'ye mind, I sees at night
Things never seen by day.
At night men lay aside all art,
As quite a useless task;
And many a face and many a heart,
Will then pull off the mask
Each formal prude and holy wight,
Will throw disguise away,
And sin it openly all night,
Who sainted it all day.

His darling hoard the miser views,
Misses from friends decamp,
And many a statesman mischief
brews

To his country o'er his lamp,
So father and I, d'ye take me right,
Are just on the same lay—
I bare fac'd sinners light by night,
And he false saints by day.

WHILE UP THE SHROUDS.

While up the shrouds the sailor
goes,

Or ventures on the yard,
The landsman who no better knows,

Believes his lot is hard.

But Jack, with smiles, each danger
meets,

Casts an anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheet,

And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves
that swell

The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,

Now quiv'ring in the air.

Bold Jack, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quick
sands roar,

You ne'er hear him repine;

Frozing near Greenland's icy shore

Or burning near the line.

Bold Jack, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair,

While splinter'd masts go by the
board,

And shots sing through the air.

Bold Jack, &c.

THE STANDING TOAST.

The moon on the ocean was dim'd
by a ripple,

Affording a chequer'd delight,

The gay jolly tar pass'd the word
for the tipple, [night.
And the toast for 'twas Saturday
Some sweetheart or wife, that he
lov'd as his life, could hail her,
Each drank while he wish'd he
But the standing toast, that pleas'd
the most, [that goes,
Was, the wind that blows, the ship
And the lass that loves a sailor.

Some drank the King and his brave
ships,
And some the constitution;
Some, may our foes, and all such
rips.

Own English resolution! DE SA
That fate might bless some Poll or
Bess,
And that they soon might hail her.
But the standing, &c.

Some drank our Queen, and some
our land,
Our glorious land of freedom!
Some, that our tars might not
stand

For heroes brave to lead 'em!
That beauty in distress might find,
Such friends as ne'er would fail
her, But the standing, &c.

THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Of all the sensation pity brings,
To proudly swell the ample heart
From which the willing sortow
and springa.

In others' grief that bears a part;
Of all soft sympathy's delights,
The manly dignity of grief.

A joy in mourning that excites,
And gives the anxious mind relief

Of these would you the feeling know
Most gen'r'rous, noble greatly brave

That ever taught a heart to glow,

Tis the tear that bedews a soldiers
grave.

For hard and painful is his lot—
Let dangers come he braves them
all;

Valiant, perhaps, to be forgot,
Or undistinguish'd doom'd to fall

Yet, wrapp'd in conscious worth se-
cure,

The world that now forgets his
He leaves for a retreat obscure,

Then trav'ler one kind drop bestow

'Twere graceful pity, nobly brave,

Naught ever taught the heart to glow

Like the tear that bedews the
soldier's grave.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

'Twas Saturday night, the twinkling
stars,

Shone on the rippling sea;
No duty call'd the jovial tars,

The helm was lash'd alee.

The ample can adorn'd the board,

Prepared to see it out,

Each gave the lass that he ador'd

And push'd the grog about.

Cried honest Tom, my Peg, I'll toast
A frigate, neat and trim,
All jolly Portsmouth's favorite boast
I'd venture life and limb,

Sail seven long years and never see-

land, star, and toil, never

With dauntless and stout,

So tight a vessel to command,

Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried little Jack, my Polly
Sailing in comely state;

Top-gal'n sail set she is so tall,

She looks like a first-rate.

Ah! would she take her Jack in tow

A voyage for love throughout,

No better berth I'd wish to know,

Then push the grog about.

I'll give, cried I, my charming Nan,
Trim, handsome, neat and tight,

What joy so fine a ship to man—

She is my heart's delight.

So well she bears the storms of life,

I'd sail the world throughout,

Brave every toil for such a wife—

Then push the grog about.

Thus to describe Poll, Meg or Nan—

Each his best manner tried,

Till summon'd by the empty can,

They to their hammocks hied.

Yet still did they their vigils keep,

Though the huge can was out;

For in soft visions gentle sleep

Still push'd the grog about.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk lies poor Tom
Bowling.

The darling of our crew;

No more he'll hear the tempests
bowling,

For death has broach'd him too.

His form was of the manliest beauty:

His heart was kind and soft,

Faithful below he did his duty,

But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,

His virtues were so rare,

His friends were many, and true-

hearted,

His Poll was kind and fair,

And then he'd sing sowblithe and

jolly,—

Ah! many's the time and oft,

But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,

For Tom is gone aloft

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant

weather,

When He who all commands,

Shall give to call life's crew together

The word to pipe all-hands,

Thus Death, who kings and tars

dispatches,

In vain Tom's life has doff'd;

For though his body's under hatches

His soul is gone aloft.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

Adieu, adieu, my only life,

My honor calls me from thee;

Remember thou're a soldier's wife

Those tears but ill become thee.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers.
Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clutch and swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi,
Hearts and hands with all conspire,
Rebels threats we'll overawe,
Till life's last throb expires,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN.

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beautiful flowers grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view.
I've seen them grazed by night's pale tear,
Bedecked by radiant morn:
But never found a spot so dear
As the cot where I was born.
Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed,
They hold the heart forlorn:
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
From my dreams will never depart,
For the germ of love that day,
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the bower,
Where we heard the timbrels sing,
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring!

When next again we met, it was
It was summer, a glowing prime,
And my love grown stronger yet,
Took its arduous from the time;
There was fruit upon the bough,
As we watched the sun decline,
And I thought the fruit was now,
Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's yellow suit,
Did we next that bower see,
And the blossom, and the fruit,
Had been gathered from the tree;
And I said my love alone,
Would in winter ne'er decay;
So I won thee for mine own,
As the bride I wooed in May.

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE.

"Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stay,

That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.

But there's an angel in the house,
Most watchful and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us,
said When men beside are near;

It is the true the chosen one,

That's kind to us for life,

The angel of the happy home,

The faithful trusting wife.

Tis said that angels walk the earth,

I'm sure it must be so,

When round our path, scarce seen by us,

Such bright things come and go,

Are there not beings by our side,

As fair as angels are,

As pure, as stainless, as the forms

That dwell beyond the star?

Yes, there are angels of the earth,

Pure, innocent, and mild,

The angels of our hearts and homes,

Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME PEARLY.

From Miss F. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a courting of me—
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly!"
The coyest young man as ever I did see,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

He was so tall and he was so smart,
When he asked I to marry him it made I start,

And his words went right clear through my heart.

Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

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HE SWEETHEART'S GIFT.

THE COT TO ME MAY LOWLY PROVE, IF THOSE WITHIN IT CLAIM MY LOVE.

While some are won by outward show,
And hail with joy a noble dwelling,
There's something more that I require,
Yea, something outward show excelling :
The cot to me may lowly prove,
If those within it claim my love.

You point to me a noble Hall,
With scenery the whole surrounding ;
I look for more than walls and trees,
I look for peace at heart abounding.
The cot to me may lowly prove—
If those within it claim my love.

OH WOULD I WERE YON EVEN- ING STAR.

Oh ! would I were an evening star,
So bright at close of day,
I'd gild the chamber of my love ;
And near her window stay.

Oh ! if I were you gentle bird,
That carols forth its strain ;
I'd nestle mighty o'er her cot,
Nor seek to roam again.
Were I that whassumming flower,
Which decks the blushest spot ;
I'd shed a fragrance round her bower,
And breathe Forget-me-not.

I'M HAPPY BUT WHEN THOU ART NEAR.

I'm happy but when thou art near,
When thou depart all joy is gone,
Bereft of thee I soon must die,
Thou art my all, thou lovely one.
Then name, oh ! name the happy time,
When shall these daily partings cease ?
When sorrow's cloud no more shall lower,
But all be sunshine joy and peace.

I CANNOT FORGET YOU.

I cannot forget you,
Wherever I be,
By morn or by even,
My thoughts are on thee.
And all that I ask love,
To plainly discern ;
And who would not win t,
His love in return.

BY JULIA'S CASEMENT WARBL- LING BIRD.

By Julia's casement, warbling bird,
At balmy morn or close of day ;
Oh ! let thy plaintive notes be heard,
And carol all my heart would say.
Then back to this lone breast return,
Sweet consolation in thy strain ;
Say but my rift she will not spurn,
And hope shall blossom forth again.

JUST AS IT SHOULD BE.

She will not wed for golden store,
Nor climbing woodbases round the store ;
All outward show doth fail to bless,
Be there within no happiness.

I DON'T FORGET THE HAPPY HOURS.

I don't forget the happy hours,
When near each other's side we stray'd,
The favourites walk the peaceful bowers,
The charms which all things lovely made.
I don't forget the heavenly voice,
That cheer'd me with its dulcet tone,
I don't forget the faithful heart,
Which beat for me, and me alone.

Oh no ! and oft at evening sweet,
Again those walks and bowers I see,
The fond, the dear companions meet,
And sigh my bosom's thoughts to thee.

SRE BRIGHTER HOURS IN STORE.

What though perchance the frob hand
Of care, hath bowed thee low,
What though awhile in secrecy,
The bitter tems do flow,
Is there no silver lining to
The cloud dark hovering o'er,
Wait, only wait, and through the gloom,
See brighter hours in store.
Look upward ! then your motto be,
At through this vale you grope,
Betwixt that herb so dear to thee,
And sing your song of hope,
Despair Appolyon like may hurl
His arrows o'er and o'er,
But you shal triumph and at length,
See brighter hours in store.

BRISTLE AND LAPSTONE.

A Burlesque on the Quarrel Scene of Edward and Warwick.

BRISLE. Let me have no spunging coves, above all, keep Lapstone from my sight!

LAPSTONE. (entering, throws off an old iron-ing blanket) Twig him here! (putting his thumb to his nose) No welcome guest, it seems, unless I axas snub-nosed Suke, our housemaid's leave; ther' vas a time when Lapstone wanted not her aid to get admission to your cobbling crib.

Bris. There vas a time when Lapstone more desired and more deserved it.

LAP. Never! I've been a foolish faithful slavey all my seven years; the morning of my life has been devoted to your shop. What are now the fruits?—rags and hunger. My spotless name, vith never yet the chandlerkin refused to trust, made the mock for other snobs to chaff at; but 'tis fit that who trust in petty masters should be thus treated.

Bris. I thought, my cove, I had full vell repaid your services, vith wittles, drink, and clothes unlimited.—Thy awl-directing hand guided so nicely every move of business, and worked the whole concurr. Lapstone was awl-in awl, while Master Bristle sat on his seat, and did as much as come to—nothink.

LAP. Who got thee strap, and occasioned for this a new seat o' work? Thy undistinguished name had been unnoticed, and lingered in obscurity, had not lapstone been bound to thee, and brought thee five bob to set thee on thy legs again. Thou knowest, thy cobbling tools, doomed perhaps like some to be seized by tie broker's hand, going for so many weeks without paying your rent, but for me had morrisied. In von cloudy night I fetched a truck, bilked the old Charlies in the street, and steered your shattered sticks safe into the alley. You may dispise that useless aid vich you no longer vant; but know, old boy, he vot forgets a friend deserves a fo.

Bris. Know too, that chaff and cheek for benefits received, pays evry debt, and does the obligation brown.

LAP. Vy, that's indeed a nice vay to get out; when a debt grows burdensome, and cannot be viped out, kick up a row, and then it vill cost you not a mag.

Bris. When you have numbered over the rigmarole of jobs that you have done for me, you may recollect the vollopings I have guyed you, let me know all, and I vill give you satisfaction.

LAP. Thou canst not—thou hast robbed me of a woman it is not in thy power to restore: I vos von, shall future coves say, vot bilked the chandlerkin to serve a ramping snob? Moonshiners in arter nights, mere instruments perhaps of cheating ledgers, shall recall my name, to witness that they vant not an example, and plead my bolting the moon to sanctify themselves. Among the lot o' ragged rascals that haunt your shop could none be found but Lapstone to do your dirty work!

Bris. And wouldst thou turn snitch on me? If I have broke my nob and bilked my landlord, thank my own advisings, that urged me to it and get me into such a line.

LAP. I've been gammoned, diddled, and done brown; my hungry belly calls aloud for wittles; it never will be filled.

Bris. These rappings out will make it vorser, and if I have been right informed, besides the

daily goings without grub, you have vants as bad, though not so fatal, which none but red-haired Bet can cure.

LAP. Red-haired Bet.

Bris. Nay, start not, 'tis I have cause to rap out most. I little thought when Lapstone told me I might learn chaff, he vos himself wide awake to put me fly—but I've diskivvered all.

LAP. And so have I, too vell I knows you has been nutty there,—thy base endeavours to cut m out.

Bris. I turn up my nose at it, sir, red-haired Bet has blunt, and I have equal right wi' you to try for it; nor see I ought to come over me in the mug of gin-drinking Lapstone, that he alone shuld hang his hat up there, and collar all her browns. I knowed not on you, love.

LAP. By jings, that's a crammer, you knowed it all, and meanly had the cheek to tipple with a weak unguarded woman; to tempt her appetite, to treather with hot peas-pudding and cold faggots, and basely smugged a jewel which your shop could never buy.

Bris. Who put you fly? but be it as it may, I had a right, nor vill I like a spooney yield my claim,—cogg up the chance to choose a coveess or my shop and dab: look at my sign board!

LAP. Your sign board? vat? that ere a borrowed deal board hanging over the door, with white-vashed lustre—you have it, sir, and hang it out, to gull the people.

Bris. And therefore do I prize it. I would cobble for 'em, and they shall pay me for it; but when a covy, vith his cheek, chaffs at his master, treads on his heels, and works for less, the people in justice to themselves, vill pay full price, and have 'em done well.

LAP. Go and gull the people, for soon, if I mis-take not, 'twill be needful; see if one of 'em vill send a shoe if I forbids 'em.

Bris. Is it so, my cock? then take a chalk—I have been a raw too long, and you have queered me in a pretty vay, but henceforth know, my cock, I vos thy master, and will be so—the anob that lets another gull him, but ill deserves the tile he years.

LAP. (bonnets Bristle on the 'hat') Look vell then, to your own, it sits but loosely on your nob, for know the cove that diddled Lapstone, never passed unpummeled yet.

Bris. Nor he vot gammoned Bristle. You may snivel for this, sir. Ulloa! votchman! collar this cove, take him to the votch-house, there let him learn good breeding.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the strength of wisdom subdue the power of vanity.

May the hitching palm always have a good scratch—
May the envious heart have the comfort deserves
May the grey hairs of honour be considered as laurels of life.

May poverty be a day's march in the rear,
May the banner of freedom never wave over a slave.

May the monster discord be buried in the pit
Let us give and take.

May all our losses rebound to our advantage.
May the open hand never clutch a bad bargain.
May our ways and means never be furnished by meau ways.

THE MINSTREL ON STAGE NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

THE YANKEE CHRISTMAS BOX

Air:—"Yankee Doodle." We've often heard the poets boast, in prose and lyric rhymes sirs, There's nothing new starts now a days to equal olden times sirs, I beg to differ from that theme, and to make the visit pleasant I'll quote our brother Jonathan and his rare christmas present.

I beg to differ, The Arctic fleet we did send out upon a strong suspicion, To find a short cut round the world a proper expedition fount to there cost sirs, But in finding that they lost there way and found From a short cut they cut their stick with a most cutting frost sirs,

Now to hit upon the missing fleet they their courage up did screw (nighted crew) There's a ray of light there Dr. Ray on the be It seems that, in a certain bay least so reports do say (furious at bay,) That jack frost held poor old John Bull most

They had too many ships, it seems it caused a great confusion And so to leave the resolute, they took a They left her about Blerin Straits in strain'd stede I deem sir, She was bearing in a crooked curse in Behrin straits it would seem sir,

Our worthy brother Jonathan the some seubes try to scout him (can doubt him) Old mother country he loves still by this act who Our resolute he found quite weak then on this project hitting, He thought it fit to take her home and give her a refitting.

There he made her tight and as if just off the stocks, And the Prealent presented her as our vick's And vick delighted by the gift such joy it did afford her (but did board her) To take a purse of so much worth she instantly And there as we might well expect found warm congratulation (two near relations) Which binds union hand and heart with these With years get firmer may it grow as to brook no severance (admission) That ship under Yankee of lag take me

THE SOGERS ARE COMING.

Air.—The Campbells are coming. Och, the sogers are coming och hear, och hear, The sogers are coming och hear och hear; Till Bessy and Eppy hath hither to run, Te kiss hands and nod to their bonny braw men.

For the sogers, &c.

But where are they ganging, ah where a where, Say where are they ganging, ah where? Ayon the wide seas they're gang in aff there, To slaughter the great Russian Bear.

And what's the great bear be a wakin for this? What's the great bear been a wakin for this, Weel as I am given to ight understand, He eat up all the luckys they had in the land.

But see where there coming at wagag at wagag, Wi there streamers aw' flying hear the pipes how they play, May they scalp the brute bawly by sea and by land For wha Scotia's Dirk and clamore can withstand.

IRELAND'S DAUGHTERS.

Air:—"Fagans Show."

You've heard of Irelands' daughters, So beautiful and fair, With the roses and the lillies those Emerald' d girls compare

As fresh as the green shamrock and As free from guile and care, Live the host of Ireland's daughters So beautiful and fair.

O'er the race of all the Irish boys they Show a sainted charm, Och bad luck to the ruffian thief that Would work them any harm. May the blessings of a mother's love, And tender father's care, Gird round old Ireland's daughters— So beautiful and fair.

GWENNY SHONES.

Air:—"Taffy come daddy"

Some sing Molly Mog of the rose And calls her tho' wakeham pell While others do verses compose, The beautiful Molly Lupell But of all the young virgins so fair Whish Putton's crestle monarch's ours In beauty theres none can compare With the chtaming Gwenay Shones.

Unenvied the splintin contitutio Of princes that set upon thrones, Tee highest of all her ambition Is the loafe of sweet Gwynny shones. Pold mortals the clebe will search over, For gold and for diamonds, and stones But he can more treasure discover its cover I to beautiful Gwenay shoues

IRISH PARODY ON THE TIRED SOLDIER.

Poor paddy livid in both his arms, For making hay his jacket warms With a scorching sun in the field, But when again the cocks domo sounds He's up like a lark to the harvests grounds, The sickle and sheaf to wield.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

- Our favourite friends, and our favourite girl.
May the consolation of rectitude sweeten the bitterness of sorrow.
The subject of liberty, and the liberty of the subject.
May we look round us with pleasure, and upwards with gratitude.
Pleasures which please on reflection.
May we never know distress from our own folly.
May our pleasures continue, and our sorrows be distant.
Ability to do good.
May the seeds of friendship never produce the flowers of ingratitude.
May we live to see and bless the day, when we've neither armies to dread or taxes to pay.
The greatest blessing Heaven can send—a good wife.
May he that turns his back on his friends, fall into the hands of his enemies.
The British Navy.
May the gale of prosperity wait us into the port of happiness.
Head and hands to earn, and a heart to spend.
Gold to every one oppressed by the leaden hand of misfortune.
Everything belonging to Fortune but her instability.
Merit assisted, and knaves twisted.
Good ships, fair winds, and brave seamen.
May we be just as happy as we wish our neighbours to be.
Charity without ostentation, and religion without bigotry.
May we never want bread to make a toast of.
Sunshine and good humour all the world over.
May the best day we have seen be the worst we have to come.
Virtue for a guide, and fortune for an attendant.
May we derive amusement from business, and improvement from pleasure.
May our commands in arms have the eye of a Hawk, and the heart of a Wolf.
The Queen, and may we never know the want of her picture.
Generosity of sentiment, and actions to correspond.
May the lovers of harmony never be in want of a note.
May those who mean well, fare well.
All the belles, but the noisy bell.
The three M's—Music, Mirth, and Moderation.
May the dishonest tailor be smothered in cabbage.
May the honest man never die poor.
May he who loves a member in defiance of his country, be re-membered by it.
May the English flag never be disgraced.
A cobweb pair of breeches, a porcupine saddle, a hard trotting horse, and a long journey to the enemies of Great Britain.
May we never be in debt or in distress.
The great palladium of our liberties—the Press.
May the sword of Justice be tempered by the hand of Mercy.
A long cord and a strong cord to those who make discord.
May we bury our sorrow in a friendly draught.
May we never, by over-leaping the bounds of prudence, trespass upon the bosom of friendship.
May we laugh in our cups, and think when we are sober.
Absent friends.
May the meanest Briton soon be the highest slave.
To the memory of those who have died in defence of their country.
May the polished heart make amends for a rough countenance.
Riches to seamen's widows and orphans.
The Queen and Constitution.
May we always meet more numerous, and never less respectable.
May sovereigns and subjects reign in each other's hearts by love.
May every Briton be loyal, and find a loyal protection.
May British soldiers and cowards ever be at war.
May the gifts of Fortune never cause us to steer out of our latitude.
Fidelity to our friends, and grace to our enemies.
May prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.
May we be friendly and sociable to all mankind.
The sun-shine of the soul—a friend.
May we always have a friend, and know his value.
May our friendship continue as long as the sun.
When we meet to be merry, let us part with discretion.
May the blossoms of liberty never be blighted.
May we act with reason, even when the bottle circulates.
Long life, pure love, and boundless liberty.
May the fire of love never feel decay.
The rose of love without the thorn.
May the opinions of others never warp what reason dictates.
A month-inspired bowl.
May these we love be honest, and the land we live in free.
Love for love.
May love and reason be friends, and beauty and prudence marry.
Love in every breast, liberty in every heart, and learning in every head.
May the people of England always oppose a bad ministry, and give vigour to a new one.
May the armies and navies of Great Britain always be successful in a good cause, and never be engaged in a bad one.
May every virtuous woman be happy, and every vicious one penitent.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

11

JIM CRACK COM. Jim Crack Com, Jim Crack Com,
You've heard no doubt ob Ginger, Jim Crack Com,

So much dat something I'll sing you, Jim Crack Com,

To please you all, dat is I'll sing, Jim Crack Com,

'Bout masses an' de green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

Jim Crack Com don't care, Jim Crack Com,

Jim Crack Com, I don't care, Jim Crack Com,

Fo' men him ha go, Jim Crack Com,

I serb at home, as you'll suppose, Jim Crack Com,

On massa wait an' brush him clothes, Jim Crack Com,

I watch him, snore wid a sleepy eye, Jim Crack Com,

Den keep look out for de green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

It war a good-sized green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

De fly buzz round an' eat de fruit, Jim Crack Com,

Den jump inside ole massa's boot, Jim Crack Com,

Tarnation but him could not spy, Jim Crack Com,

Where de debil was de green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

Ole massa sleep one armoornoon, Jim Crack Com,

When de green-tail fly buzz inter de room, Jim Crack Com,

Him de aise ob a horse—him tell no lie, Jim Crack Com,

It war a good-sized green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

De fly buzz round an' eat de fruit, Jim Crack Com,

Den jump inside ole massa's boot, Jim Crack Com,

Tarnation but him could not spy, Jim Crack Com,

Where de debil was de green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

Ole massa woke put on his boot, Jim Crack Com,

De hungry fly bite him a boot, Jim Crack Com,

Ole massa roar, ole massa cry, Jim Crack Com,

Tarnation seive ob green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

Masses scream—oh dids tears, Jim Crack Com,

He eat till de boot alone were done, Jim Crack Com,

And all ob massas we could spy, Jim Crack Com,

Stuck out ob de frost ob de green-tail fly, Jim Crack Com,

Charming Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! you charming,

Dinah Crow!

Oh! how I lub'd Dinah Crow,

Dinah Crow, Dinah Crow,

What could make me lub her so?

Charming Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! you charming,

Dinah Crow!

More dan porpoise luba de sea;

More dan flowers lube de bee;

More dan nigga lub hominy,

I lub'd Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! you charming,

Dinah Crow!

Dinah she proved fidell to me,

In my eye, tears you see,—

Oh! dis cums ob lubing too;

Faithless Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! faithless Dinah,

Crow!

Dinah walk'd wid Sambo by,

Lub I spy, in her eye,

Den I thought dat I should die,

Cruel Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! cruel Dinah,

Once when all my dreams were bright,

Dinah true, den I view;

Skin so black and dress so white,

Happy Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! happy Dinah,

Now my dreams are very dim,

Now my heart like to crack,

Now I gib my spirit back, bid erob,

An' die for Dinah Crow!

Dinah, Dinah, oh! good-bye, Dinah,

Crow!

JASPER JACK.

Jasper Jack was as sharp as a

blue,

So much dat something I'll sing you,

and a scot ob a pettal motion squint,

an' a speney shank and a stenpenny one,

an' not a toof left to him gnu.

For he had been very gay.

Ole Jasper Jack got ob liquor a fill,

He was rolled in a pickled tub down

a hill.

Den he took on coonaid's place ob

work,

an' de leg ob a monkey serbed

up fer pork.

So he was kicked out dat day,

Jack waiston a party once in Skul-

bone passage,

He seed a German baron steal a Ger-

man sassige,

He rush to parlour dooor and out him

roar,

De ladies all faint away.

Ole Jack drew de missy a square ob

ale,

Alham no fresh, an' circularly stink;

Whene dehead on de drippin, you

right sing,

Pus your own white head, marm in

de jug.

De ole dogg twill be cu'fitt,

Jack's a nasy was bernd's Boston lass,

Her charms all others did quite sur-

pass,

Her face shin'd like a looking glass,

And she wore a mule of Ingoo grass,

For dat don't smell like hay,

But deah! for Jack massa by de heels

And Jack soon lub widly missy he

feels;

She take compassion, hit her wounds

she heals.

Day dance some night de bridal reel,

An' Jasper's got full sway.

DE FINE OLE COLOURED GENTLEMAN.

In Tennessee, as I've heard say, dere

once did use to dwell

A fine ole coloured gentleman, and

dis nigga know'd him well

Deys wids calkinis Sambo, es some-

thing near de sun,

And de reason why de call'd him so,

was because it was his name.

De something, my darlin', yha, yha,

yha yha yha, yha,

He had a good ole banjo, and well he

kept it strung, and well he

And he use to sing de good ole song,

ob Goit while you're young;

He sung so long, and sang so loud dat

he scar'd de pigs and goats,

for he often took a pint of yeast, to

raise his upper notes.

Dey had a fine ole fiddle, and well he

kept it strung, and well he

And he use to sing de good ole song,

ob Goit while you're young;

He sang so long, and sang so loud dat

he scar'd the hounds,

for he often took a pint of yeast, to

raise his upper notes.

When dis nigga took a snooze, 'twas

in a nigga crowd,

And he us'd to keep dem all awake,

because he kept so loud;

Den de nigras held an' inspect when

dey heard ob his def.

An' de verdie' ob de jury was, he died

for want ob breff.

YEAH LA LA LA, &c.

STOP DAT KNOCKIN'

Oh, take dat coon you gave me, lub,

I'll hab it now no more,

To me it only now can prove

My days ob peace are o'er,

Oh, let it on someder tap,

Its little self recline!

Nor need around its perfume sweet,

Dat once it shed on mine,

De self to self, to self, to self,

CHORUS.

Three Voices—Who's dar? who's dar?

dat who's dar?

1st Voice—Who's dar? Now who's

dat knockin' at de door?

2d Voice—Is dat you Sambo? Is dat

you a knockin' at de door?

3d Voice—Let me in, let me in, let

me in,

1st and 2d Voices—Oh, you'd better

stop dat knockin' at de door.

3d Voice—Let me in, or I'll never

leave off knockin' at de door.

DAT COON AND SAMBO

Dat coon and Sambo both togedder,

Dey tear my heart wid pain,

Dey're like a stormy windy wedder

When de sun's wash'd out by rain,

So take dis coon I'll hab it not,

I throw it now away,

It's head is like, I can't tell what,

An' yours is turning grey!

Who's dar? who's dar? &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

YANKEE LAND.

'A New Comic Song,—Hardwick,

Air;—“ Guy Faux,”

To the beauty of the stars and strips, I went across
the ocean,
And picked up, of that hemisphere, us yankees
A Britisher may speak of Sam Slick's go-a-head
propensities,
And that's what I intend to, but without the least
Off we know
Yankee land's a sure place for braggadoes's.

Oh, Yankee land's a famous place for everything
gigantic,
They dont do things by halves, do our brothers
transatlantic,
They take the shine out of the earth tarnationally
they hallo there,
And beat the world by power of the great “ all-
mighty dollar” there.
Oh, we know

Hotels, Railways, and steamers, and dodges and
inventions
Eclipse in magnitude all our puny, small pre-
tensions,
Even “ swindles, smashes—bubbles—and cool
“ reputations”
Of debts, are done, upon a scale, surprising other
nations.

And we know.

Levithian steam boats daily blow up, with report
tremendous,
And kill a half a thousand, thr'o' explosions
quite stupendous;
But they don't think anything of that, because its
on a grand style,
And shout “ we're a great people,” in a cool,
bravado, bland style.
Yes, we know.

Their Barnham, shewmen beat by fits all those of
our Metropolis.
In humbug—wonders—gammon, to take in the
simple populace,
The Wizard of the North, altho' at puffing he's a
great one.
Must hide his head diminish, before each United
States one

And we know.

Ask a Yankee, while he's chewing, with his g
up, a stick “ whittling.”
And right and left, in anything, squirting dirty
spittle in,
What he thinks about Columbia, and he'll swear,
I guess, he lick, sir,
“ All creation, with our institutions, up and
down right slick, sir.”
Yes, we know.

It is a country great indeed for snakes & alligator
Gin slings, mutl jilips, brandy nogs, lynch law,
and bragging praters,
Revolvers, locofocos, bowie knives, tin clocks, and
slavery.
And the refuge from most other lands, of dealers
in all knavery.

And we know.

Altho' they turn the nose up at trumpery imperial,
And courtly splendour to their senators is im-
material,

And court all crowns, and sovereigns, the veriest
mockery hallow there,
Yet, they worship all to phrensy, the great
“ almighty dollar,” there.
Oh, we know.

Well, the a land of losers, lashing, liquoring,
and lynching

It is a land of liberty, and therer not half the
pinching,
To live like, there is here, and its nearer to the
gold land,

So that a consolation, if you want to leave the
old land,

And we know

It's a great land, in spite of braggadoes.

Yes, we know.

WHERES MY HIGHLAND LASSIE.

Air;—“ Where, oh where is my Highland lassie”

O, where O, where is my highland lassie fled,
What strange thoughts and fancies ha cam'd into
her head.

Does she slight me for another Oh, has she turned

to shame,

O, what ha I done till her in what am I to blame

O, why and O why, has the lassie left her name,

Ye may ken ye may ken her fra all the world

beside
Of the highlands and the low-lands, my lassie is

the pride

She's lovely as the garden rose sweet as the

heather bell

Och wither O wither has she betak'd herself

Oh what should I d should my highland lassie die

Where to get a solas would the wretched lover fly

To waft my brain a gang stark daft eh that would

never do

Sa I think on second thought I had best get me

food.

A POPULAR PARODY ON MY PRETTY JANE.

By Mr. Brian.

O Jane a very pretty girl,

But Jenny's devilish sly

Now only twig her when she winks,

The devil's in her eye,

And then she is too fast bp half,

And lends an eager eay,

To flattery and tales of love

And Jenny like a her besk

O pretty Jane.

I nam'd to her the wedding day,

I showed the weddng ring,

I thought I'd got her in my arms,

But she'd got me in a string

On a summer night the millers son,

Had whispered in her ear,

And she cut my love and cut her stick

In the snarling time of the year,

O my pretty Jane.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

TIS HARD TO GIVE THE HAND.

A Parody. Sung by Mr. Brian.

I'm now in de bieber strong
And no word to you can say,
From banjo, you, and song—
I am going far away.
Lie tough massa's wicked wile,
And de cruel slaber sin,
For de white man he can smile
When his soul be dark widin.
So a massa's stern command
Make obedience come from me,
So I cannot give my hand
When dis body is not free—
Den how can I give my hand,
When dis body is not free.

Bound in cords and irons strong,
Yet you will not hear my grief,
Still I hope dat for my wrong
Time will bring some relief,
I will nurse no rebel thought,
But I will not wear my chain,
Be relief for slave be sought
And I'll struggle wid de pain.
So lub, Jane, you understand,
Den don't you grieve for me,
For I cannot gibe my hand
When dis body is not free—
How can I gibe dis hand
When dis body is not free?

KEEP IN DE WHEEL TRACK.

Sung by Mr. Brian.

Air—Get away black man.
Keep in de wheel track
Or else go track de river,
Never go for break your back,
Nor yet to stow your liber.
CHORUS.
For dar's night as well as day,
And if dar's work dar's play—
So keep in de wheel track
And you nobet lose your way,
Miss Jenny leave de wheel rut,
Like a baby ninni—
Loose her way wid coken nut
And find'n-peginia.

Miss Nancy from de river slip,
To kiss wid young Quashhallo,
And she stretch her mouth from
nort to sout,
As big as horse's collar.
Uncle Sam he leave de wheel track
To catch a coon for supper,
But de alligator comes in whack
And snap him by de crupper.
So now you nigga gal and man,
After I say good morning,
Do de best and all you can,
To take a nigga's warning.

UNCLE QUASH'S PRESENTS.

Sung by Mr. Connally.

—Be going ober de mountain,
Uncle Quash top long from home,
De day that Sally's courting,

Saying—what can keep dat uncle
Quash.

So long teder side de mountain!
CHORUS.
De possum up de gum-tree,
De pine stick shaw de splinter,
De sunny days dat dont come snow.
Snow always grow in de winter.
Ole uncle Quash been berry gay man
When he got down in de valley,
He drunk wid de chips—
And kiss wid de gals, but dont
tink ob aunt Sally.

But uncle Quash ober de mountain
again,
Aunt Sally went look pleasant,
Till uncle Quash turned out de bag,
And show aunt Sally present.
Dar was someting for de back and
head,
And someting for de belly,
Stocking for de hand, stocking for
de foot,
An a letter for aunt Nelly.

Den aunt Sally change de tune like a
Mule when him loose him crupper
She call uncle Quash her good ole
man,
And cook a coon for his supper.

THE DYING SLAVE.

An Ethiopian Ballad.—by Hardwick

An Afric slave lay down to die,
Virginia weeping by his side;
She read within his glazing eye,
The love to tell, words were denied
For voice and memory had departed,
And she wept all broken hearted.
Sleep on, she cried, but oh, to me,
No more in joy thy footstep bounds
But still I'll ever think of thee,
When thou hast reached the
hunting grounds.

And in that shining land of glory,
Tell the braves thy slavery story.

I hear your last groan in mine ear,
I wear your love gift on my heart
For oh, to me thou wert so dear,
When thou wast lashed I felt the
smart—

And cruel words to thee were spoken
Virginia's heart was nearly broken.

And when the lonely twilight falls,
I'll come and strew thy grave with
flowers,
Until the hour thy spirit calls—
Virginia to the far-off bowers,
Where we shall be at rest for ever,
And never parted more, oh, never.

ON, LADY BEWARE.

Music, Williams, Paternoster Row.

My massa is Lord ob dis black eas-
tie here,

Ting ting ting a ting,
Me call de white lady his lub and
his dear, Ting &c.
If dey come into de gates, dey re-
member it sure, Ting &c.

He once get dem in dey go out ne
more,

Oh, tink a tink a tink.

Oh, fair lady, fair lady beware,
Oh, good lady, good lady beware,
My massa he's wicked—
My massa he's wicked—
Oh, he so whicked I aware.

He gib dem de jewel he gib dem de
ring, Ting &c.,
Den he go kill 'em to death de poor
ting.

Ting a ting ting a ram tam.

Den massa he tremble to hear de
great bell—
Go—bom—bom—bom !
And for de black doed him done, he
may well—
Bom &c.

And if down below dar's a place dey
call—
Dat black massa fit him I know dar
to dwell—
Den he go—bom—bom.

SPARE A HALF-PENNY TO A BLIND NEGRO.

Music, Williams, Paternoster Row

On Afric's wide plains, where the
Lions wild roaring,
I with free dom walk'd forth the vast
deserts exploring,
I was drag'd from my home and en-
tomb'd as a slave,
In a dark floating dungeon upon the
salt wave.

CHORUS.
Oh, spare a half-penny, pray spare a
half-penny.

Oh, spare a trifle to a blind negro.

Wipped and starved parch with thirst
shut from light of the morrow,
Torn from home, wife, and friends,
they mock'd my deep sorrow;
When the lightnings dread flash
struck the inlets of day,
And its glorious bright beams shot
for ever away.

Oh, spare, &c.

All assistance refused, thus his pro-
fit now loosing—
The captain he swore not a blind
bargin choosing—
Had me dragg'd on deck in his anger
and spite,
And dash'd overboard in the dead of
the night!

Oh, spare, &c.

While strugling with death an Eng-
lish crew saw me,
And with true English manhood from
a watery grave bore me;
Now my daylight eclipsed, I ne dark
as the dead,
I beg through the streets for a mors-
el of bread.

Oh, spare

BLACK PINK.

All the way from Wurginny,
My lubly pink, I come to see.
Oh, my pink f my lubly flame,
You can't think I am to blame.

Walk jaw-bone on ginger log;
Oh, pink! I'm going to de whole
hog!

What miss is dat dore I hear?
Some black arter me, I fear.
Lub is a ticklish thing you know,
It makes one feel all ober sea.

Stay a little, my Cato dear,
You need not dat steam-sconcrax fear.
He never came here in de day,
For he telamond up Broadway.

Who can dat dore nigger be?
Try to cut in dere, an' cut out me,
Tell me piak—oh, don't be unte;
I soon will settle dis here 'spite.

Never mind, dear Cato don't make a
fuss,

But come to your luber, an' gib her
a buss;

I see dat you ana not very vex—
I know dat you loves to kiss de fair

If dat nigger be as great as Colone'
Pluck'

I'll challenge him to meet me at Mo-
buk;

I'll fight genteel, and not like a nig-
ger'

An' end de 'spite by de pull of the
trigger,

I tell you who dat black man be,
De steam-sconcray day o' all, Dandy C-

An' he'll be seat, if he don't mind

his ways.

To Blackwell's Island by Massa Hayes,
I won't care for dat black man at all.
I was induced to him at de rag ball.
He talk much about de nigger nation

An' says he head of de nigger bobm-

ation.

Dat black man is 'ciple of Fanny Brite

Au' he only wants you for one nite,

Oh, now, pink, he no true man,

He only loves you on the Canal-street

plan.

CLAR DE TRACK.

It was on the lebenteenth of Octo-
ber,

When de Juba dance was over,

I heard a noise—it sounded like

a gundar,

Which made dis nigger stare and

wonder,

Clar de track! de bulgine's coming;

See dem nigger how dey're running.

I look around to see de wonder,

Dat sound in my ears like thunder;

I see a hump come across de meadow,

Blowing away ab wind and wedder.

De ship turned out a bulging soon,

So clar de track di arternoon;

Massa's coming from de station,

He's just arrived from de wild goos-

seas.

Now get de bottle, get de saddle—
Get me de horse, get me de saddle,
Get me trus lib—now be civil,
Or massa will kick you to de debil.

Ola massa's horses die much day;
De bulgine drive him mad day say.

Massa split him head wid cleaver
Cos horses die ob de bulgine fever.

THE NIGGEE GOOT BARBER.

I'm a barber quite de ting.

Squashy Snowball is my name,
Though I do not shave a King,
I shave Prince Albert—and it's

near donee.

Once me used to shave da dozens,
Dingy, dirty, black and white,

But now Prince Albert an him cosillas

Find me work day and night.

Spoken.]—Yes, dore me is ladder-
ing and shaving from moon till night

—but what me case for dat, so long

as I get de fruit ob it in my pocket;

den I sing

Frisseum, shaveum, here and dere'

De likes ob me was never seen—

For powdersing wige an' curling hair,

Me shave de Prince and dress de

Queen.

Spoken.]—Ah, what a pity—yer' great pity, me often tink, dat Prince

Albert was not born a black man. He
a handsome man—wasn't—but if he

was a handsome black man like me, de Queen must lub him better than

who she did before. Yes, dat am de Prince's only misfortune. If he war

only like me, no one could call him

white trash. Andes if him war to fall asleep in de public house, no

one could black him face.

My razors am both sharp and keen,
With scissors too I trim away.

And when me sent for b'y de Queen

Me frisseum her nob widow delay.

I tend de ladies all at court,

And dress dar fronts bath great

bauchemal, an' to us all.

And when dey wants a little sport,

Dry always stands for me. Snow

Ball,

Spoken.]—Yes, dore am de Baron
bon Skinal, an de Baroness, an al-

de little Skinalls—dey all comin to my

shop to have their noses titillated.

Deu me de more dan de great Bone-

part, eber did—I take de Duke ob

Wellingdon by de nose, and I gib

him such a—

Frisseum, shaveum, Mr

CYNTHIA SUE.

Long fore dis time dis Nigge'r swel-

In a place called Tessino,

I lub'd a gal wid a larry skin—

An her name was Cynthia sue.

Oh, Cynthia, Cynthia, my dear

money—

Chi! Cynthia, I like you more
than money.

Chi used to meet me ebony night,
Dressed clear down to de shoe,
She grain't de moonlight out ob
night, pur pur sing and shout
My darlin' Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.

She used to whink her 'ea to see,
Her Brutus when he come,
With de jaw-bone on his shoulder,
An his banjo twixt his thumb.

Brumpton Oh, Cynthia, &c.

I've been to East, I've been to west
And ole Virginny too,
Dere's not one hate or anywhere,
A gal like Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.

I want down to New Orleans,
De food was high, 'ta true,
Bnt I made it five foot higher,
When I wept for Cynthia Sue.

Oh, Cynthia, &c.

MEEDO MATRIMONY.

I say, Sambo, did you hear I get
married last sun' day? No
No, sir, I hab not dat pleasure be-
fore; but I hab ed ab day. Well tell you all de circumstances
ob de case; which was dat I see a
berry pretty girland I fall in lub wid
her. I ask her marry me, and she
say—Yes, to be sure! So we went
and get apiced; but den she turn out
a regular obstropilat vitago. I go
back to de minister at the end of
three weeks, and say I to him I bring
this gal back, Massa—she no use to
me. He ask me what was matter
with her? Why massa, she mad good
The book says—she obey me. She
no wash my clothes; she no do what
I want her to do. So then the min-
ister say—But the book says, you
were to take her for better or for
worse. Yes, massa, but she all
worse and no better; she and too
much worse and no better at all.

Sambo, I hab no wife.

COME INTO MY CABIN.

Come into my cabin, an' all o'

Ah, come along, Dinch, do.

Step into my cabin—

But not without you fine

Mast you come into my cabin, gh.

Oh, ah, oh! I a danc ob

Jackie o'neal, a wop-wop ab self

Break is degale,

Down de river we sail,

Come my dear! I say won ob

my way sin-clear—oh, oh!

Down de river we sail ab ob

Quick we shall glide

Down de Ohio,

away! oh, wop!

Down de river we sail,

We had better go home,

Oh, come along, Dinch, do.

Step out on my cabin, gh.

ETHIOPIAN SONGS.

WHO CARES FOR YOU,
MARY ANN.

Parody on "Mary Ann."
Sung by Mr. Connelly.

I don't care a fig for you Mary Ann,
Cos you don't care for me;
For de wind blow's th'ir,
And I'm blow'd, if you are;
And I am bound for de sea;

Mary Ann,

And I am bound for de sea,

Mary Ann.

Don't you see dat bigger Joe,
Trowing away his ole banjo;
And do wa's going to part
From dis here nigga's heart,
So I doesn't know away you Mary Ann,
So I trow away you, Mary Ann.

A monkey sucking juice from de pine,
And a nigger in him long tall blue,
May be happy as ole massa, when he drink he wine,
But I'm happier dat I'm now seab-
ing you, Mary Ann,
But I'm gladder now dat I leaves you

Mary Ann.

De pride ob my heart dat you am
not—
It is de lubly Coal Black Rose.

So goes Duke-foot Bob, wid his
treacle pot,

For at you I turn up my nose,

Mary Ann.

For at you I turn up my nose,

Mary Ann.

DE NIGGER TOAST.

Sung by Mr. Connelly.—Tune: Down
among the Rushes.

Come pull away my Buffalo boy.
Dis de toast das Sambo gib;

When niggars time am come to die,
Dat's sum time him aint to lib.

Callibash and ginger tack—
Never leave you in the lurch;

But brandy put you on your back,

And rum broth tick you off your

perch.

De buckra man him bery crack;

Cea him skin am slick and white;

But sometimes he heart bery black;

When he do wrong side ob de right

De yaller gals date from de South;

Aint like de gals from New Orleans;

De fust gal know her way about;

De odder black gals is all green.

De black gal is de best b'fry;

Dat's when dein aint de wort;

By god I day am neber last,

Dat's when they are always first.

Now de white gal is de gal for me—

Dat is when she aint black;

But she can't look nigger in de face;

When on him she turn her back.

My massa's twenty gals, you see,

Cos I sposse he like de sun;

He takes dem all away from me,
No dat's de way I don't hab none;
So if any nice young white gal have,
Now's de time to make done—
For as I've 'tend too long I fear,
I think its time to go away;

SEASIDE BELL.

By Headwick—Air: O Susannah.

On de banks ob da Ohio river,
I bid good bye to my lab,

Desparting kiss I gib her,

As I call her say heart's dub.

O fare-the-well for eber, dear;

Tho' it am hard to break despell,

But I'll forget you neber, dear,

My own Susannah Bell.

CHORUS.

Oh, Susannah Bell,

For eber, lub, ferawell—

I'm going to whiteman England's

land; Adieu, Susannah Bell.

When far away I'm weeping,

For my young Susannah Bell's charms,

How oft'm I dream, while sleeping

Dat you're resting in my arms,

When de siving breeze shall blow,

I go—

But de time ob who can tell,

When I come long back to de Ohio,

An sweet Susannah Bell.

I kissed her long at parting,

As a hushed she lay on me breast,

De tear in her eye war starting;

And her silenos tole de rest,

I layed her down by de cotton tree,

An since dat hour beself,

I've neber yet forgotten deer—

Darlin' Susannah Bell.

DE FIRE-FLY LAMP.

An Africas Legend.—Music by

Dudson.

Oh, Sabina, she gone to de odder

world,

Whar da big Spirit much glad her to

see;

Her canoe dere lay, wid de sail un-

furled,

But Sabina not wait dere for me.

CHORUS.

Oh, she gone to de lake of disma

swamp,

Where all night long wid de fire-fl

lamp,

She paddle de white canoe.

So I wander de desert sad and for-
lorn,

But Sabina has far away flew—

I hab no wife now to bruhn de corn

Nor to fish in de ole sanco.

De moons go away, and de moons dc

return,

And de stars dey lib up in de sky,

Buk de cool shade poor Sambo's

head burn,

Like de sun when he climb up

high.

JOHN CROW'S NEST.

By T. Ramey.—Sung by Messrs.
Briant and Connelly.

Tune: Sittin' on a Rail.

Dar's not a nigger dat you know,
Dav's not a nigger as John Crow,

When out for his Sunday walks he go

In his stick span new cloth dress'd

No leathers odder niggers inde lurch,

He tek de gall clean off dere perch

But say John 'fore I walk a wife to

church.

I must build the crows nest,

Build her a sweet nest, build her a

crows nest,

Before I walks a wife to church I

must build her a crows nest.

So he build a hut down by de bog,

Wid pine stick, mud and grass and

log,

Down south were dey hatch de king

bull frog,

As he choose dat place best far

away, away, away,

Says John Crow dat's deberry ting,

Now I'll build a brass gold weddin-

ring,

And some fair black gall home I'll

bring,

For she to perch in de crows nest.

Den ober de mountain Johnny goes,

From de foot to de chin in his bery

best cloths,

Stiff starch up to de eyes and nose,

To pick a crow from de nest,

He first mace walk to dat coal black

Mass,

But John she turned up her nose,

Den to court fair Lucy Neal he goes

But she'd not root in de crows

nest.

But John Crow went to work again

And pitch'd it out of Mary Blain;

But she say John it's all in vain,

Wid a nodder crow I'm bless'd.

Den to dat Miss Lucy long,

John Crow went and pitch it strong

Says he my Lucy come along,

Hab a root in the crows nest.

Lucy fair black face blushe slaplick

white,

I've shot de crow and dat's all right

Se off dey flew dat bery night,

A way from all de rest,

So down south, Lucy Long did go,

And bery short was made a crow,

And dis hen crow soon made John

know,

She was cock of the old crows ner-

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

- May the fat of the land be shared amongst the lean of the people.
- Loyalty without folly, and love without reason;
- May the foes of virtue never have a friend.
- Riches without pride and pride without riches.
- Labour to do, and a will to do it.
- May we always be with a clear conscience and never without a shilling.
- The ox, the scythe, and the plough;
- Navigation, Importation, Exportation, and Transportation,
- May the slanderous tongue be its own defamer.
- Old wine and young women.
- May a false friend have the wages he works for.
- May every traitor be elevated by having a drop too much.
- May we fear love, and love fear.
- May we profit by loss without losing by profit.
- May those who have too much, give to those who have too little.
- Patience in trouble and moderation in success.
- May we bear affliction with resignation and advancement without ambition.
- A good name well gained and honestly kept.
- May the sword of justice be swayed by the head of mercy.
- May bad men receive the full benefit of their To the petticoats may we never make a shift without them.
- Contentment with avarice out of place.
- May we never want bread to make a toast, or be without fuel to toast it.
- May the Navy never run aground and the Army always keep afloat.
- May we form a good will and have the resolution to keep it.
- May we scorn meanness and avoid frugality.
- May those who kiss and tell never have a kiss to A dog's bite to a puppy's days.
- Health, wealth, and prosperity.
- Ardour and zeal without asperity.
- Accept with hesitation and bestow with discrimination.
- May the People fill the heart of the Queen and the Queen fill the bellies of the people.
- May he who refuses to acknowledge a good action be in want of a good action to acknowledge.
- Ships with sound bottoms and sailors with stout stout hearts.
- Unity and disunity.
- May the hangman want employment and the judge be without a sentence.
- May a benefactor be brief, and a barrister be brief.
- In every change may we alter for the best.
- When we go upon a bad errand we may always return empty handed.
- Addition to our income, and subtraction from our difficulties.
- Multiplication to our friend and division to our enemies.
- May we ever be inconstant to bad practices, Court not a man in prosperity, nor slight him in adversity.
- Never take No from a pretty girl, without comsigning it yes.
- More to morrow.
- May we get honestly and hold securely.
- May the tongue of the slanderer be subject to blisters.
- May monopoly be surfeited in its own excess.
- May charitable acts provoke an emulation.
- May every liberal heart never want the tools to work with.
- A wretched heart and a free hand.
- May every rogue turn out an honest man.
- May every honest man turn out a rogue.
- May the brave deserve the fair, and the fair be worth deserving.
- Let willing slaves dwell in bondage.
- May glorious freedom never make too free.
- Let us always lend a hand to the man that's lost an arm.
- Let desperation govern the battle, and affection govern the lads.
- Let us think of our heads in the morning.
- Never let the hands betray the heels.
- Good wine is a bountiful abuse if not.
- May we always make the most of a good thing without making too little of ourselves.
- Here's pot-luck, and may we gain a pint (point) here by it.
- Here is fanaticism in every station, betwixt nation, and nation in every gradation, and world over.
- The blood of affection to the heart of love.
- If we can't bring our means up to our wishes let us bring our wished down to our means.
- May we always keep the wolf from our door by keeping the watch dog on the threshold.
- May the vigour of youth be the prop of old age.
- May the voice of adversity be the lesson of utility.
- May the voice of the needy touch the heart of the wealthy.
- May ingratitude be the clog of the ungrateful.
- May we all be supporters to the roof we are under.
- May the remembrance of past actions be a present consolation.
- To the girl we love and the friends we honour.
- Here's wisdom to the fool, honesty to the rogue, and honour to the honest man.
- Wine, wit, women.
- The wine old, women young, and wit genuine.
- May hope conquer despair.
- May the clouds of to day be lost in the sunshine of to-morrow.
- When misfortune pursues us, may she fall lame on the road.
- Here's to my father, his only son and all his best friends.
- May the tempest of the heart subside in a calm.
- To a bold rider, a staunch horse and hounds.
- May debt and doubt be at the bottom of a well.
- May we take a brush, but never buy a brush.
- May the butcher's visit put the doctor out of countenance.
- May we drink like beasts and like men.
- May every young couple grow old in happiness.
- May crime become so bad that we shall be ashamed to commit it.
- May the first Lord of the Treasury be a treasure to the country.
- May the widows become mighty.
- May an honourable resistance ever prevail.
- May the glass that chears never destroy.
- Prosperity to the roof we're under.
- Let us give and take.
- May we always work on the square, be attentive to rule, be plumb in the main, and keep with.
- May our love for the fair sex never induce a fond [action].
- May the light of other days never reflect a present regret.